

# MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY

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## McGill Fortnightly.

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### EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

IT IS RUMOURED that the term of study in the Law Faculty will be increased to four years instead of three as it is at present. The Faculty are discussing the question, and will soon arrive at some definite conclusion regarding it, though what the decision will be is still a matter of doubt. The students seem to think that three years are ample to enable them to absorb sufficient legal lore to practise their profession, and all the more so because the Quebec Legislature a year ago passed a bill reducing the term of clerkship of the student from four to three years, thus allowing him to complete his full course of study at the University and clerkship in the office at one and the same time. They, however, know that they will not be consulted, and are consequently awaiting the decision with considerable anxiety.

THE FIRST committee for the management of grounds and athletics at McGill has just finished its year's work, and naturally we are led to look at the

changes which have taken place in our athletics under the new régime. Undoubtedly there has been an improvement over former years, and athletics now seem to occupy among us what may be termed a good healthy prominence. Students are induced to participate in them for the physical benefits to be derived therefrom, while the "training" system has not been introduced to such an extent as to interfere with the work of the class room.

It cannot be denied that the extra money placed at the disposal of the several clubs, while extricating them from their chief difficulty of the past (*i.e.*, lack of funds), may possibly conduce to the objectionable system just referred to; but it is to be hoped that the good sense of the McGill student will not permit such a thing.

FOOTBALL, the McGill A.A. and Hockey have each felt the benefit of the increased grants, and have flourished accordingly. Especially has this been the case with the Hockey Club; for have we not observed somewhere among our class reports, that Applied Science alone supports five teams? Hockey seems once more to be taken up in the right spirit, and McGill boasts a strong team.

THE SEASON FOR CRICKET and tennis was practically over at the commencement of the session, so that the votaries of these sports, which have hitherto needed money perhaps more than any others, have not as yet felt the good effects of larger appropriations. Their turn will come, however, next summer.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST to the state of out-door sports is the condition of the Gymnasium. Yet, in spite of the old building, with its cold drafts, leaky roof and general uncomfortableness, this branch of athletics is still popular, as anyone will testify who has had the good fortune to witness the competitions that have taken place during the last week.

WE HAVE, as yet, received no further communications touching the suggestion in our last number, for a joint concert on Sports Night, to be arranged for by



our Glee and Banjo Clubs. We are given to understand, however, that the proposal has met with genuine approval, and has been enthusiastically advocated by the undergraduates of certain of the Faculties.

OUR REPORTERS have responded nobly to the appeal in our last number, and have done their part towards making the editors happy. Would that others had consciences as tender as have class-reporters, and that a request for contributions were met with such liberality on all sides, as to beget in the editors naught but a feeling of complacency, as they reflected upon the articles and poems that might be held over until *next* number.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### EDMUND SPENSER.

Let us turn aside for a few minutes from current events with their excitement, fatigue and disappointment, and rest ourselves beside the quiet stream of pure poetry which flows through the melodious stanzas of Spenserian verse. Camden's eulogium "*Anglicarum poetarum nostri seculi facile princeps*" was not only true of that age, but has, in one sense, remained true through every succeeding epoch, for no English poet, save one, of whom more hereafter, has equalled Spenser in the triumphs of pure imagination. Side by side with him on our modest bookshelf stands his only predecessor, Chaucer, and side by side they lie in Westminster Abbey. Chaucer interests us by his warm living characters, his strong humanity. Spenser interests us not at all, except as we have trained ourselves to love high thoughts and feelings expressed in music. The ordinary newspaper and novel reader can, with the very slight expenditure of trouble necessary to master the archaic phraseology, read Chaucer with pleasure; but Spenser is silent to him, for what cares he for the involved and contradictory adventures of impossible personages? He feels the personal presence of the jolly Wife of Bath or the cantankerous Sompnour, but the faint phantoms of Sir Calidore or Sir Artegall are to him mere idle folly.

Spenser's machinery is of the simplest possible description. A champaign country, varied with bosky woods and clear running streams, a hermitage, an occasional castle or palace, an innocent damsel in distress, a guilty damsel in fair disguise, a good knight, a bad knight, a monstrous beast, these constitute his whole *mise-en-scène*, his inevitable *dramatis personæ*, and with these simple accessories, carelessly strung together, he sets out on his long journey through Faeryland, knowing that those whose ears are tuned aright will follow him with ever increasing pleasure

and caring not for a multitude of followers. His audience will always be fit though few. The remarkable absence of human interest from his poetry is thrown into a strong light when we compare him with Milton, that prince of anthro-pomorphologists who has reduced the powers of darkness to human shape, and has bestowed a character more mundane and distinct on Lucifer than on Adam. Spenser, on the other hand, demands from us an entire abstraction from flesh and blood. His characters are virtues and vices, speaking an articulate language indeed, but not personified.

It is for this reason, that he, more than any other English poet, may be taken as the test of a reader's taste for poetry as such, pure and simple. It is a truism that poetry appeals to the imagination, and therefore the more absolute the appeal—the greater the demand upon the imagination,—the purer the poetry, subject always to this qualification, that there must be a sufficient reward for the imaginative exercise demanded. If a man, throwing all extraneous aids of interest, passion or humanity aside, appeals to our imagination and furnishes that imagination with a pure, beautiful and noble exercise, then he is a true poet in the strictest sense of the word, and such a one is Edmund Spenser—a poet for poets. Of this, his peculiar dignity, we have a sufficiently conspicuous example. The practical Macaulay, brilliant versifier though he was, had about as little true poetry in him as any writer ancient or modern, and accordingly we find him condemning Spenser as tedious. With reckless superficiality he tells us that "very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast." Now, the Blatant Beast is one of Spenser's finest imaginations. In it he represents popular slander, that proneness to think evil of great minds, which is the most ignoble characteristic of human nature, and for which we so often have occasion to blush ourselves. He knew the human mind too well to picture the final eradication of this curse. He makes Sir Calidore pin the monster to the ground and chain him, as we all know some particular lies are pinned down and chained, but the chain is soon broken and the beast gets out into the world, at liberty again.

"Thenceforth more mischief and more scath he wrought  
"To mortall men then he had done before;

"Ne ever could, by any, more be brought  
"Into like bands, ne maystred any more:

"Albe that, long time after Calidore,  
"The good Sir Pelleus him tooke in hand,

"And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,  
"And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;

"Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

"So now he raungeth through the world again,  
"And rageth sore in each degree and state;

"Ne any is that may him now restraine,  
"He growen is so great and strong of late,



"Barking and biting all that him doe bate,  
 "Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime.  
 "Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,  
 "Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;  
 "But rends without regard of person or of time."

Now, what shall we say of the critic who talks about "the death of the Blatant Beast"?

Of the musical qualities of Spenser's verse we need say but little. His pre-eminent virtue in this respect is admitted on all sides. He first showed Englishmen the rich melody that could be drawn from their mother tongue. Under his hands our language shook off those crabbed restraints which mar all our other early poets, and no long work in our language, even to-day, equals the Faerie Queene for constant ease and sweetness of rhythm and expression. From first to last the reader's ear is filled with uninterrupted pleasure.

"The waies, through which my weary steps I guide  
 "In this delightfull land of Faery,  
 "Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,  
 "And sprinckled with such sweet variety  
 "Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,  
 "That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,  
 "My tedious travell doe forget thereby;  
 "And when I gin to feele decay of might,  
 "It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright."

Not only did he make his instrument and endow us with the splendid Spenserian stanza, poised so exquisitely and closing so fully upon its long Alexandrine; but he used that instrument with a mastery more perfect than any of his better equipped successors have attained. He is at once Stradivarius and Paganini. The famous refrain of the Prothalamion, so admired by Christopher North, is not more apt than the companion refrain of the Epithalamion, but Spenser's beauties are not quotable. There is a continuity about all his verse which effectually saves him from dissection and exhibition in "Selected Readings" and the like. We open the book at random, and on the same page we have two such touches as these:

"Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to bite."  
 "The birds' love-learned song the deawy leaves among,"

but these are no special ornaments, they are mere incidental touches forming part of a highly finished whole,—the most splendid marriage hymn in literature.

A delightful characteristic of Spenser is the sudden touch of quiet fun that slips into his verse now and again, with piquant effect. For instance, after "the night raven that still deadly yells," and "damned ghosts cald up with mighty spels," and "griesly vultures" are solemnly warned off the premises, what a delicious topsy-turvy we take, when we read

"Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of Frogs still croking,  
 Make us to wish theyr choking."

But these sportive strokes do not frequently occur. Spenser's temperament is uniform, that of a tranquilly cheerful man, neither gay nor sour. The dis-

appointments of his life have left no deep impressions on his verse, and his complaints of the uncertainty of court favour and the fickleness of favourites and potentates are the expressions of conscious and almost contemptuous merit, untinged with any very strong feeling of bitter personal disappointment. The two stanzas which are all that remain to us of the eighth book of the Faery Queen exactly express his best mood, and, familiar as they are, we will quote them once again:—

"When I bethinke me of that speech whyleare of mutability, and well it may,  
 "Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very sooth to say,  
 "In all things else she bears the greatest sway;  
 "Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,  
 "And love of things so vaine to cast away;  
 "Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,  
 "Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle."

"Then gin I thinke on that which nature sayd,  
 "Of that same time when no more change shall be,  
 "But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd  
 "Upon the pillours of Eternity,  
 "That is contrayr to mutabilitie;  
 "For all that moveth doth in change delight;  
 "But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
 "With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth light;  
 "O! that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabbaoth's sight!"

Of Spenser's manner of life, how he looked and moved and acted in the ordinary world, we have little direct information, but his works tell us all we care to know. No author of any merit has ever succeeded in disguising his personality from his attentive readers, and we think the description of a gentleman in Mother Hubbard's Tale may stand for a portrait of the master, drawn by himself:—

"Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought  
 "Regard of honour harbours more than ought,  
 "Doth loathe such base condition, to backbite  
 "An' es good name for envie or despite;  
 "He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,  
 "Ne will be carried with the common winde  
 "Of courts inconstant mutabilitie,  
 "Ne after everie tattling fable flie;  
 "But heares, and sees, the follies of the rest,  
 "And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.  
 "He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,  
 "But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,  
 "And unto all doth yield due curtesie;  
 "But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,  
 "As that same Apish crue is wont to doo;  
 "For he disdaines himselfe t'embase theretoo.  
 "He hates fowle leasings and vile flatterie,  
 "Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;  
 "And lothful idlenes he doth detest,  
 "The canker worme of everie gentle brest;  
 "The which to banish with faire exercise  
 "Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise;  
 "Now menaging the mouths of stubborne steedes,  
 "Now practising the proove of warlike deedes.  
 "Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle  
 "Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle  
 "Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight  
 "Of Musick's skill revives his toyled spright;  
 "Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,



"The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts :  
 "Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,  
 "His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes ;  
 "Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,  
 "Delights of life, and ornaments of light !  
 "With whom he close confers with wise discourse,  
 "Of Nature's workes, of heaven's continuall course,  
 "Of forreine lands, of people different,  
 "Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernement,  
 "Of dreadfull battailes of renowned knights ;  
 "With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights  
 "To like desire and praise of noble fame,  
 "The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme :  
 "For all his minde on honour fixed is,  
 "To which he levels all his purposies."

Let anyone read the whole of the passage from which we have taken these excerpts, and he will have before him a clear picture of the men who, in their proper greatness, made England great. The picture may be ideal. No one man of that age, perhaps, filled all the demands of the description, although some, like Sir Philip Sidney and Spenser himself, fell not far short. But what perfect ideal it is! And how exactly it represents to us the typical English gentleman!

It is a singular fact that our own time, so dissimilar in its most salient aspects from the Elizabethan era, has witnessed the appearance and acknowledges the living fame of the only poet who has followed in Spenser's footsteps both in the subjects and the spirit of his principal poems. The parallel between Spenser and Tennyson is one of the most striking in literature. Both have embalmed the memory of their dearest friends in wonderful verse. Both have turned aside from the actual world and sought the theme of their longest effort in Faery-land, the realm of pure imagination. Both have played upon our language with a facility and precision beyond the reach of all their brethren, and, above all, both have taught the same lessons of manly morality, a morality that combines robustness with delicacy and high ideals with strong common sense. If our readers have time and inclination to work out this parallel, we think the more closely they apply it the more exact it will be found. So long as Spenser's name remains a foremost one in English literature, so long will Tennyson remain his companion; they are alike in spirit and in power.

But we have rested long enough. Camden, speaking of Spenser's funeral, tells us "his hearse was attended by the gentlemen of his faculty, who cast into his tomb some funeral elegies and the pens they were wrote with", and so we throw our little offering, unworthy as it is, upon his grave, and utter our final "Valé."

ALFRED B. MAJOR.

## MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.

My schoolfellows—where have they strayed?  
 Where are the flowers of hope they cherished?  
 Faded—as fairest flowers will fade;  
 Have they thus prematurely perished?  
 Or has the world been all they dreamed,  
 Replete with happy lads and lasses—  
 A jolly world? for such it seemed  
 Through boyhood's rosy-coloured glasses.  
 A school-boy's notions of the fight  
 For love, for honour, and for glory,  
 Are apt to be too dazzling bright—  
 But that's, you know, the old, old story.

To youth, the world's a fairy-land;  
 A land that flows with milk and honey,  
 Where life-streams roll through golden sand,  
 And magic touches all—to morey.  
 To happy boys, the form of life  
 Is clothed like some enchanting stranger;  
 They do not know the face of strife,  
 Nor recognise the shape of danger.  
 With ringing laugh, the world they dare,  
 They mock their lilliputian troubles;  
 But all their castles melt in air;  
 And all their boastings break like bubbles.

Where are they now? I've no idea;  
 They joined life's race with thoughtless laughter.  
 Some may have won; but few, I fear,  
 Have gained the prize they panted after.  
 There's Brown, for instance, we were taught  
 To think so wondrous wise and witty;  
 Who ridiculed the vaguest thought  
 Of vulgar office in the city;  
 Who fixed his every boyish hope  
 On legal fame. It's very funny;  
 I've heard he's manufacturing soap,  
 And coining wondrous sums of money.

And Thompson—oh, it's too absurd!  
 His every look was mirth and laughter,—  
 Has joined the Church. Upon my word,  
 I can't think what the fellow's after.  
 Applause came down at each grimace,  
 An emblematic form of joking.  
 Why, sometimes looking in his face,  
 I've felt that I was almost choking;  
 He'd swear that black was white, or blue;  
 He was the first at spree or pillage,  
 I can't imagine him—can you?  
 A parson—in a country village.

Young Dove, who was so meek and mild  
 That when you spoke to him he trembled,  
 Who had a very moral mind  
 And ne'er defrauded nor dissembled,  
 Was started in a first-rate trade;  
 But caring not a dump about law,  
 His creditors he never paid,  
 For which he was declared an outlaw;  
 He fled to distant Mozambique,  
 Where at the *seaside* he's residing;  
 And till detectives cease to seek,  
 It's probable he won't *cease hiding*.

And Symonds, who from home once had  
 Some wine, on which the rogue got tipsy  
 (At first we thought him raving mad,  
 Till one suggested catalepsy);  
 Symonds, who smoked till almost dead  
 Beneath the blankets, and to hide it



Burned turpentine beside the bed ;  
 The Band of Hope he quite derided ;  
 My blank amazement no one knows,  
 When, meeting him at railway station,  
 He handed me a tract that shows  
 How smoke and drink destroy the nation !

Then Chapman, you remember him,  
 Perhaps the cleverest in the college,—  
 Squint, specs, tall, awkward, shabby, slim,  
 A walking library of knowledge,  
 Always surrounded by a throng  
 Querying questions, asking answers ;  
 I've heard—it surely must be wrong !—  
 That he's a captain in the Lancers.  
 It takes a fancy very warm  
 To think that solemn face could alter ;  
 To imagine him, in uniform,  
 Dancing schottisches at Gibraltar.

While Lamb, so ignorant of shame,  
 Who ne'er was known to learn a lesson ;  
 On whose robust, well-seasoned frame  
 No flogging made the least impression ;  
 The roughest of the rough, as cool  
 As ice, and quite as dead to feeling ;  
 Who ere he'd been a day at school  
 Was captured in the act of stealing ;  
 Who left without one loving heart  
 To which to look for friendship's bounty ;  
 This year (in Dod) you'll find him "Bart."  
 And lord-lieutenant of a county.

But, oh ! the saddest shock of all !  
 Pressall, who treated love with laughter,—  
 My bosom friend, my all in all,—  
 The fellow married four years after !  
 'Tis ever so ; new whims get in,  
 And older fancies may go rotten.  
 'Tis ever so ; let love set in,  
 Friendship and friends are soon forgotten.  
 'Twas ever so ; some people run,  
 While others walk, and some are carried ;  
 For while I'm not yet twenty-one \*  
 This younger rascal must get married.

Married at twenty-one ! I think  
 I've read in novels of such folly.  
 At twenty-one ! it makes me shrink !  
 It really makes me melancholy !  
 Married at twenty-one, perchance  
 It does in a comedieta—  
 In Spain—in Norway—or in France ;  
 I thought that English folk knew better !  
 A boy of twenty-one to wed !  
 Well, well, of course I haven't tried it ;  
 I think I'd as soon cut off my head,  
 And pack my body up inside it !

Where are they now, the friends I knew,  
 The clever, dull, the sober, "*light*" one,  
 At Hong Kong, or at Timbuctoo,  
 At Brussels, Amsterdam, or Brighton ?  
 Are they alive, or are they dead,  
 Poor and forlorn, or famed and wealthy ?  
 And are they bachelors, or wed ?  
 Infirm and weak, or strong and healthy ?  
 As waves that on the ocean beat,  
 Mingle their frosted foam, and sever,  
 So schoolboys who in boyhood meet  
 May only meet to part for ever !

H. M.

## ENGLISH BALLAD POETRY.

## III.

The remainder of the ballad recounts the circumstances attending the death of King Arthur ; and as it embraces the whole portion of the story, modernized in the "*Morte d'Arthur*" of Lord Tennyson, I shall quote it entire, only promising that in Tennyson's version, as also in the old romances, it is Sir Bedevere and not Sir Lukyn who is the last survivor of that brilliant band of heroes, the Knights of the Round Table.

The king, having succeeded in making his way back to the duke, and finding that his end is drawing nigh, is anxious to restore the sword Excalibar, or Calibur, which he had received, according to the old legend, in a very mysterious manner from the fairy of the Lake, and had worn for so many years :

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake  
 " Sir Knight, thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,  
 Nowe take my sword Excalibar,  
 That hangs so freelye by my syde.

" O take my sword Excalibar,  
 And there into the river throwe,  
 For here henceforthe beneath this tree  
 All use of weapons I foregoe.

" And fare thee well, thou trustye sword  
 A better ne'er had valiant knight,  
 With thee full ofte, and manye a daye  
 Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

" With this good fauchion in my hande  
 Oft have I reaped the bloody fieldes :  
 But nowe the fatalle houre is come,  
 That never more I may thee wielde."

The duke to the river side he went  
 And there his owne sword in threwe he :  
 But he kept back Excalibar,  
 He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne (steel) was the blade ;  
 And all the hilde of precious stone :  
 " And ever, alacke !" then sayd the knighte,  
 " Must such a sword awaye be throwne ?"

Then backe he came unto the kinge,  
 Who sayd : " Sir Lukyn, what did yee see ?"  
 " Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
 Blewe o'er the waters faire and free."

" O goe againe," then said the kinge,  
 " O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe :  
 Into the rivers throwe my sword,  
 Nor keep me lingering here in paine."

The duke then to the river went  
 And the king's scabbard in threwe hee ;  
 But he kept back Excalibar,  
 And hid it underneth a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
 Who sayde, " Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte ?"  
 " Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
 Nowe with the angrie waters fought."

\* This must be pardoned as poetic license, the verse would have it so.



"O Lukyn, Lukyn!" sayde the kinge,  
 "Twice hast thou dealt deceitfullye,  
 Alacke, whom may wee ever truste  
 When suche a knyghte soe false can bee?"

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,  
 All for a sword, that wins thine eye:  
 Nowe goe againe and throwe it in,  
 Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke all shent withe this rebuke  
 No answeere made unto the kinge;  
 But to the rivere tooke the sword,  
 And threwe it far as he colde flinge.

A hand and an arm did meete the sworde,  
 And flourished three times in the air;  
 Then sunke beneath the runninge streame,  
 And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;  
 He stood as still as still mote bee;  
 Then hastened backe to telle the kinge;  
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he colde not telle,  
 For never after hee did him spye:  
 But he sawe a barge goe from the lande,  
 And he heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the king was there, or not,  
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde,  
 For from that sad and direfulle daye,  
 He never more was seene on molde.

But lest it should be supposed that the lays of the old English ballad singers are all of a serious character, although the song of "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," of which I have already given a few specimens, may be taken as sufficient evidence to the contrary, I shall next quote a few passages from a humorous ballad entitled "King Edward IV and the Tanner of Tamworth," one of the most amusing of them that we possess. This ballad is a good representative of a pretty large class of the popular songs, in which the king is represented as mingling, either by accident or design, with the lowest order of his subjects; and we may form a tolerably correct idea of the character of several of these, simply by observing the kind of person with whom, in the title of the ballad, the monarch is associated. Thus we have, among others, the names of "The King and the Miller"; "King Henry and the Soldier"; "King James and the Tinker"; "King Alfred and the Shepherd"; "King Henry VIII and the Cobbler"; etc., in all of which we seem to be able to discern at a glance whether the story be grave or gay, witty or dull, serious or amusing. In like manner, "King Edward IV and the Tanner," which we are now about to discuss, is a title sufficiently suggestive, and the ballad, although, like most of those of a humorous character, deformed by occasional coarsenesses of expression, which, however pardonable we may be inclined to consider them in view of the age in which they were written, are none the less blemishes,—is

admirable in its way, and gives us an excellent insight into the manners and sentiments of our English ancestors.

King Edward, being out on a hunting excursion, attended by his nobles and followers, spies a tanner riding along towards him on a mare, with a cowhide for a saddle, and, being in the humour for a little sport, orders his attendants to remain behind under the trees, while he rides forward to meet the tanner, whom he thus accosts:

"God speede, God speede thee," said our king,  
 "Thou art welcome, sir," sayd hee.  
 "The readiest waye to Drayton Bassett  
 I praye thee showe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,  
 Fro the place where thou dost stand?  
 The next payre of gallows thou comest unto,  
 Turne in upon thy right hande."

"That is an unreadye way," sayd our king,  
 "Thou doest but jest I see;  
 Nowe, showe me out the nearest waye,  
 And I pray thee wend withe me."

"Awaye withe a vengeance!" quoth the tanner;  
 "I hold thee out of thy witt:  
 All daye have I ridden on Brocke my mare,  
 And I am fasting yette."

"Go with me down to Drayton Basset,  
 No dainties we will spare;  
 All daye shalt thou eat and drinke of the best,  
 And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde  
 "Thou payest no fare of mine:  
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse  
 Than thou hast pence in thine."

The king wishes him joy of his money, a form of congratulation which arouses the suspicions of the tanner, who straightway begins to tremble for fear that he has got into the clutches of a thief or highwayman.

"What art thou," he sayd, "thou fine fellowe?  
 Of thee I am in great feare,  
 For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe  
 Might besee me a lord to weare."

The king, after protesting his innocence of having acquired his habiliments by any unlawful means, and receiving a rebuke from the other for his extravagance, then desires to know the news:

"What tydings heare you?" sayd the kinge,  
 "As you ride farre and neare?"  
 "I heare no tydings, syr, by the masse,  
 But that cow-hides are deare."

"Cow-hides! cow hides! What things are those?  
 I marvel what they bee?"  
 "What art thou a foole!" the tanner sayd,  
 "I carry one under me."

This leads to an inquiry on the part of the king as to the occupation of his blunt-spoken acquaintance, who, after informing his majesty that he is a



"*barker*," as a tanner was sometimes called in those days, puts a similar question to the king in return. The king tells him that he is a poor courtier out of employ, who would be very glad to become his apprentice and gain a knowledge of his trade:

"Marrye heaven forfend," the tanner replyde,  
 "That thou my prentice were;  
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne  
 By fortye shilling a yere."

The king next proposes to exchange horses with the tanner, who, ready to drive a good bargain, assents in the following terms:

"Why if with me thou faine will change,  
 As change full well maye wee,  
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proud fellowe,  
 I will have some boot of thee."

At this the king demurs, on the ground that his horse is manifestly the best of the two, to which the tanner replies:

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is quiete and milde,  
 And softly she will fare;  
 Thy horse is unrulye and wilde, I wiss,  
 Aye skipping here and there."

"What boote wilt thou have?" our king reply'd,  
 Now tell me in this stound.  
 Noe pence, nor halfpence, by my faye,  
 But a noble in gold so round.

"Here's twenty groates of white monèye,  
 Sitte thou wilt have it of mee."  
 "I would have sworn now," quoth the tanner,  
 "Thou hast not had one pennie."

"But since we two have made a change,  
 A change we must abide.  
 Although thou hast gotten Brooke my mare,  
 Thou gettest not my cow-hide."

Upon the king's declaring that he would not have the cowhide if the tanner were to make him a present of it, the latter then throws it over the saddle of the king's beast, and prepares to mount.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,  
 'Tis time that I am gone:  
 When I come home to Tyllian, my wife,  
 Shell say I am a gentilmon."

When the tanner he was in the kinge's saddle  
 And his foote in the stirrup was,  
 He marvelled greatly in his minde  
 Whether it were golde or brasse.

But when his steede saw the cow's taile wagge  
 And eke the black cow-horne;  
 He stamped and stared and awaye he ranne,  
 As the devil had him borne.

The tanner he pulled, the tanner he sweat,  
 And held by the pummil fast;  
 At length the tanner came tumbling down,  
 His necke he had well nye brast.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,  
 "With mee he shall not byde."

"My horse would have borne thee well enoughe,  
 But he knew not of thy cow-hide."

"Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,  
 As change full well may wee,  
 By the faith of my body, thou jolly tanner,  
 I will have some boote of thee."

"What boote wilt thou have?" the tanner replyd,  
 "Nowe tell me in this stounde?  
 Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,  
 But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twenty groates out of my purse,—  
 And twenty I have of thine:  
 And I have one more, which we will spend  
 Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle-horne to his mouthe,  
 And blewe both loud and shrille;  
 And soon came lords and soon came knights,  
 Fast ryding over the hille.

"Nowe, out alas!" the tanner he cryde,  
 "That ever I sawe this daye!  
 Thou art a strong thiefe, you come, thy fellowes  
 Will bear my cow-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replyde,  
 "I sweare, so mote I thee;  
 But they are the lords of the north countrèy,  
 Here come to hunt with mee."

And soone before our kinge they came  
 And knelt down on the ground:  
 Then might the tanner have been awaye,  
 He had lever than twentye pounce.

The king then calls for a collar, which seems to have been employed in early times for the purpose of creating esquires, by hanging it round the neck; but the demand suggests quite a different train of thought in the mind of the tanner.

"A collar, a collar," the tanner he sayd,  
 "I trowe it will breed sorrowe;  
 After a collar cometh a halter,  
 I trow I shall be hanged to-morrowe."

"Be not afraid, tanner," sayd our kinge;  
 "I tell thee, soe mote I thee,  
 Lo here I make thee the best esquire  
 That is in this North countrèe."

"For Plumpton parke I will give thee,  
 With tenements faire beside:  
 'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,  
 To maintain thy good cow-hide."

"Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde,  
 "For the favor thou hast me showne;  
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth  
 Neates leather shall daub thy shoen."

And here ends this amusing tale, and we may, I suppose, fairly conclude that the king and the tanner both keep their word, although we have no direct evidence to the fact.

E. G.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Apropos of names, who has not heard of "old dog Tray," and yet this name Tray has not been in actual use for centuries, and exists only in the field of sentimental literature. Even the old Celtic word "tray," meaning dog, from which it is probably derived, is not found save in an epigram of Martial, in which we find the form *vertragus*, signifying a swift dog or hound.

Since our subject is "what's in a name" it will not perhaps be quite out of place to introduce a few anagrams, strikingly appropriate. The invention of anagrams is ascribed to the Greek poet Lycophron, who flourished about B.C. 380, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, on whose name he formed the anagram *ἀπὸ μελιτος*, "made of honey." He thus read that of Ptolemy's wife Arsinoë 'Ηπας 'Ιου "Juno's violet." There is an excellent one on Mary Stuart: "*Maria Stewarda Scotorum Regina,—Trus a vi regnis morte amara cado,—Thrust by force from my kingdoms, I fall by a bitter death.*" The name of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, contains, written in Latin, an important historical date, "I brought back my king in the year 1660."

Turning from names of persons to another division of proper names, we find that local names, whether belonging to mountains, rivers, plains, towns or seas are always significant; they are never mere arbitrary signs, but are of great interest and importance. As Mr. Taylor says in his work on local names, they are always records of the past, and enable us to trace the history of ancient nations, their emigrations and immigrations, their commingling by war and by conquest or by the more peaceful agency of commerce. They are often more archaic than the existing forms of language, and embalm the form of speech of more remote eras. Names of places often remain unaffected by the lapse of ages, when the towns that bore them and the people who used them, have long since vanished.

The names of Tadmor and Sidon remain unchanged by a single letter, when only a few broken columns and fragments of sculpture remain to mark the scene of ancient splendour.

The appellations, when descriptive of the country, aid the philologist, if the physical features have remained the same; and likewise, if the aspect of the country has undergone changes, when rivers have altered their course, when marshes have dried up, and coast-lines have advanced or retreated, they come forward as records of facts unrecorded in history, and thus aid the geologist, as evidences of vast physical mutations.

The picturesque or descriptive character of names is seen in those applied to the striking features of the

landscape,—mountains, rivers, seas. Thus from the dangerous character of its coasts the Black Sea was called 'Ποντος ἄξενος,' "the inhospitable sea," afterwards changed by euphemism to *ποντος εὐξείνους*, "kind to strangers."

But "many names conjoin historical and physical information," thus the highest peak of the Isle of Man is called Snafell; but this is a Norse word, belonging also to a mountain in Norway, and thus we find that the Isle of Man was conquered and colonized by Norwegian Vikings. The chief value of the science of geographical etymology consists in the ethnological import of names. Many nations have left no written records, but from the traces they have left behind them in the names of rivers, mountains, lakes and plains we can gather the history of their migrations. It is thus that most of our information regarding the migrations and conquests of Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic and Scandinavian races has been obtained.

Names often contain explicit historical information, and even enable us to fix the approximate dates of important historical events. For instance, from the very name of Tripoli we see that it was founded by three cities,—Tyre, Sidon and Aradus; Louisiana tells us that that part of the country was settled in the time of "le grand monarque"; Virginia, in the reign of the Virgin Queen.

The names of the New World are especially rich in information; from them we may gather the progress of the white people over the Western world, and the dates at which different settlements were formed; we may assign to the different nations of Europe their share in colonization, and may recover the names of the adventurous captains who led the bands of pioneers through the wilderness to conquer from nature, or the savage tribes.

It is possible, merely, to mention a few names by way of illustration. Salem was founded by the Pilgrim Fathers to be a new Jerusalem; Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love, was founded by Quakers who fled from the persecutions in England, in the hope of founding a Utopia in America, a state of peace and harmony. The origin of the name Pennsylvania is well known to all. In the Northern Seas we find a record of four brave Englishmen—Frobisher, Davis, Baffin and Hudson—who met with a tragic fate in the waters which bear his name.

"How can the red men be forgotten while so many states and territories, bays, lakes and rivers are indelibly stamped with names of their giving?" The Indian names are remarkable for their inexpressible beauty and grand majestic euphony. Niagara—"father of waters;" Alabama—"here is rest;" Toronto—"meeting of the waters."

A little poem of Mrs. Sigourney's is worth quoting:—



"Ye say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave,  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave,  
That 'mid the forest where they roamed  
There rings no hunter's shout :  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

" 'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like ocean surge is curled,  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world.  
Where Red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the West,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

"Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared as withered leaves  
Before the autumn's gale,  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore."

"Your mountains build their monuments  
Though you destroy their dust."

An extract from an article on the origin of the name Arcadia by Sir William Dawson might be of interest. "Arcadia" signifies primarily a place of plenty or abundance. Thus it is not only a beautiful name which should never have been abandoned for such names as New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, but it is most applicable to a region which is richer in "the chief things of the ancient mountains, the precious things of the lasting hills, and the precious things of the earth, and of the deep that coucheth beneath than any other portion of America of similar dimensions."

In conclusion, we must not leave the subject of names without a passing glance at another point in connection with the local names of ancient Greece. Grote says:—"Many among its proper names, by their analogy to words really significant, gave direct occasion to explanatory or illustrative stories. Etymological mythes are found in sensible proportion among the whole number."

Thus we have the Bosphorus, "the ford of the cow-maiden," taking its name, as Æschylus says, from the ill-fated Io, and in like manner the Ionian Sea, reached by her in her wanderings.

The citadel of Carthage was called "bozra," a Phœnician word meaning an acropolis; the Greeks connected this with "*βυρ α*" an ox-hide, and then arose the explanatory legend of the portion of land enclosed with the ox-hide cut into strips by the cunning Phœnicians.

In more modern times legends have similarly gathered around altered names. The origin of the well-known legend of the wicked Bishop Hatto, de-

voured by rats in his fortress on the Rhine, may be traced to a corruption of the name of the "maut-thurne," or custom-house into the maüse-thurm or Mouse-Tower. Thus we find in names an almost inexhaustible source of information, useful and amusing, historical and mythical, geographical and ethnological. Although we have confined our attention solely to proper names, thus illustrating in a somewhat desultory manner "what's in a name," there yet remains the wild field of common names, containing rich mines of wealth to reward the toil of all who will endeavour to fathom their depths.

DONALDA.

### THE SWALLOW.

(Translation from L. H. FRECHETTE.)

I've seen the sprightly swallow flying,—  
To her old friends forever true—  
On rapid wing straight homeward hieing  
To the rest where she may her loves renew.

Would that I might her lot inherit,—  
Such happy fate smile on my ways,  
To come back yearly (so might I merit !)  
To this charming spot ; and here end my days !

### THE COMPLAINT OF LOVE.

Love,—if Love be thy name—  
Thy fires are cruel.  
A maid's eyes set the flame,  
My sighs do fan the same,  
My heart is fuel.

I do consume away  
Under her glances ;  
She is the orb of day,  
My heart hath to one ray  
Gathered its lances.

Oh, fierce delight to burn  
After such fashion !  
Wealth, fame and friends I spurn,  
Forsaking all to turn  
Unto Love's passion.

When I do burnèd prove  
Scatter my ashes,  
That they as lights of love  
Wherever winds do rove  
Kindle new flashes !

R. MACDOUGALL.

CAMBRIDGE.

### CLASS REPORTS.

### LEGAL BRIEFS.

It was a study to watch the facial expression of some of the students the other day in the Molson Hall, as they faced the paper on Criminal Law. Some took it in the shap of a sudden shock, as



though struck with a sandbag ; others showed decided surprise, which, as they read, developed into a wild, frightened, let-me-get-out-of-here expression ; others read the first question, grabbed the pen, dashed at the ink-bottle and buckled down to work without delay ;—ink flew around, and the fellow's white collar in front was soon speckled. He didn't mind, he was too much absorbed. These were the wise ones. Others read the papers through calmly, and smiled,—yes, actually smiled ! A funny kind of a smile though, a sort of grin-and-bear smile. It was great to watch them. That is what the examiners like. They like to watch the fellows in pain. Eventually all got to work ; but the fellow who began to shower the ink around on the first question had an advantage. He got two or three minutes of a start. That's not much, but considering the wide field that had to be covered, every second counted. The abbreviatory schemes that were evolved that afternoon were startling, we believe. It is an art to be able to cover vast subjects in a few telling, magic words—to reduce twelve hours' writing to the limit of three or four. We must boil down, crystallize. Let's study laconics. Never mind dates, and statutes—leave them out ; brevity is the thing in law, master strokes !

Well ! it is over anyway. We sigh with relief. Still it was a struggle. After writing from three o'clock till after the dinner hour, as the boys wiggled downstairs one by one, it looked as though the whole brigade had been sandbagged. Happy 3rd Year men ! Pray for us that remain.

W. Bond, of the 1st Year, represented the Faculty of Law at the Arts Conversazione, recently held in the Molson Hall. The meeting was a brilliant success, and reflects great credit on the gentlemen of the Faculty of Arts. Our representative reports having spent a most enjoyable evening.

The announcement not long ago by the Dean, that the students would be required to undergo a general examination in all the subjects of the three years before being admitted to the degree of B.C.L., created something like a panic in the ranks of the 3rd Year. The graduating class immediately made representations that they would be placed at an alarming disadvantage by the new law ; that the time was too short to prepare ; that timely notice should have been given them ; that they were working up their Bar exam., etc., etc. And the Dean generously let them off. And now you will see a Senior come up and put his arm affectionately around a 2nd Year man, and rest his chin lovingly on his shoulder, and whisper into his ear that the Faculty has at last

awakened to a sense of its duty—that this new B.C.L. general exam. is a grand move in the right direction, that the Faculty is now going to turn out all-round, thoroughly equipped men. And, besides, it will be a grand thing for the Bar exam.

And then just watch that fellow smile. All out of pure malignity.

Mr. A. Rives Hall, of '94, let the light of his genial countenance shine in upon us the other evening. He was welcomed by all the old students. These old familiar faces. How pleasant !

*Professor*—"When we reach the patriarchial system we arrive at the age of history."

*Student*—"Was that before or after the flood, Professor ?"

Collapse of Professor.

Gentlemen, you may bring your codes, notes, etc. etc., to the Exam. to-morrow. That is a privilege Professor Geoffrion has allowed the students from time immemorial. Now, 1st Year men, don't be foolish. Don't imagine you are going to have "a snap" of it. Don't go and lug half a dozen big volumes to the Molson Hall to-morrow, and have all the 2nd and 3rd Year men laughing at you. It will not do you a bit of good. Besides, you ought to know by this time that Professor Geoffrion is a humourist—a wit. Yes, and something of a practical joker too. Mark that last !

## FEATHERS FROM EAST WING.

"Unnumbered as the sands, in swarms arose  
The hosts of insects. In long dimension  
Creeps with sinuous trace the worm."

Such were the words which fell upon the listening ears of one of '96, who, leaving her zoological cares at home, had come to hear Hadyn's "Creation." "Oh !" she sighed, "must these creatures buzz and crawl about me even where I expected to forget myself and all the world in soul-refreshing strains ? Ye 'Vermes' with sinuous trace, when I came to your province, I thought my load a heavy one, but struggled on, looking forward to 'Insecta' which I thought meant a bug or two. Alas, how frail are human hopes !—'unnumbered as the sands.' I fear when these swarms have settled in a thick black cloud upon me, naught will they leave but the skeleton of a human vertebrate which will perhaps in future years serve to illustrate the physiology lectures, or be stationed as guardian of the museum insects. But my revenge will be sweet ;—what groans shall issue from



that museum at night, what strange lights shall flash from the windows, and in the morning in what ghastly heaps shall these preserved representatives of my tormentors lie!" Thus she calmed her fears, and with a triumphant gleam in her eyes, quietly heard the concert through.

#### REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE 4TH YEAR (FEB. 28TH, 1895.)

Ordinaries.—"Labor and intent study."

English Honours.—"Painful vigils keep."

Philosophy Honours.—"There never was a philosopher who could bear toothache patiently."

Honour Science.—"Blessings on him who invented sleep."

Total—rushed.

Q. What would you prescribe?

A. The full possession of a "B.A." will effect an immediate convalescence.

The following was overheard on the avenue:

1st Soph.: "I'm going over to the Library to copy notes; will you lend me the notes you took in Botany this morning?"

2nd Soph.: "Didn't you get yours down?"

1st Soph.: "No; he went so fast, I got only about two lines down, and I did not want to spoil the appearance of my notes. I would much rather have a neat book than full notes."

Did she really mean that?

Where, and oh where, have the East Wing feathers gone?

Professor.—Where do you get the meaning of "to begin" in *Auspicari*—?

Donalda.—In the note.

Scene: an English class-room.

*Literary Donalda* (author of the most voluminous essay that has ever greeted the eyes of a professor of English), addressing Lecturer,—“When are we to get our essays back?”

*Lecturer*.—"Well I hardly know; I believe there were about a hundred of them to be corrected, and (*innocently*) I heard that there was one forty-eight pages long."

(Sudden collapse on the part of the enquirer and the few initiated ones.)

#### TO MY GOWN.

##### THE LAMENT OF A JUNIOR.

Do I behold thee once again,  
My gown, my own dear gown?  
Where through these long weeks hast thou been,  
While I, with ceaseless frown,  
Have wandered round in search of thee,  
And found thee not, my gown, my gown?

Who then has dared—bold, shameless one—  
To take from me my gown?  
For three long years of toil and care  
We have each other known,  
And never, till this last sad year,  
Have I yet lost thee, my dear gown.

Was it a staid Donalda of  
The famous *Senior* year?  
The charmed circle—seven maids,  
Whom we do hold most dear!  
Ah, no! these maids too noble are,  
E'er to remove thee, gown most dear!

Was it a *Junior* then? No, no!  
Damsels so orderly  
Have e'er their *own* gowns close at hand;  
Indeed, it could not be  
A member of Class of '96  
Who has appropriated thee.

A *Sophomore*? Perish the thought!  
Too dignified by far—  
Too studious, stately, and too proud,  
These fair Donaldas are.  
Their dignity would '97  
From such an unkind deed debar.

A Freshman then? Alas! 'tis sad  
That such a tale be told!  
But yet it seems to be too true—  
True that the culprit bold  
Is of the year we vainly strive  
In their own proper place to hold.

#### ARTS NOTES.

In a recent issue of the FORTNIGHTLY, mention was made of the Sophomores' intention to hold a political debate.

It was hoped that the Faculty would not in any way interfere with the execution of the idea; great interest had been aroused, and all hoped for a good time on the night of the debate. The Faculty, however, saw fit to exercise its right, and the affair is, in consequence, off, for the present.

*Prof.*—(Examples in logarithms). Did you fail?

*Student.*—No!

*Prof.*—Did you try?

*Student.*—No!

*Prof.*—Then you are only postponing your failure.



The class of '97 is taking a deep interest in the historical lectures delivered by Dr. Colby. The course is one of the finest in the curriculum, and the vast historical knowledge evinced by the lecturer, as well as the sympathetic interest which he manifests towards his pupils, have won for him a very large measure of respect and esteem.

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A recent writer has said :

"This world is like an omnibus—  
A few good men perhaps  
May own a seat, but nearly all  
Must hold on by the straps."

Altering somewhat

This world is like a college hall—  
A score of men or more  
May own a chair, but Howard C.  
Must sit upon the floor.

---

*Classical discussion on βούκερω παρέθνον.*

*Student.*—Was she represented on the stage as a cow?

*Professor.*—Oh, no.

*Student.*—Is there not then, some discrepancy?

*Professor.*—Our author does not *account* for it.

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We are pleased to learn that Mr. J. C. Robertson, our worthy ex-president, has been elected Arts' Editor for next session. His appointment gives satisfaction to us all, for he is "worth no worse a place," and we feel that his presence on the Editorial Staff will go far to insure a hearty support of our College paper from the members of our Faculty.

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The Conversazione Committee are decidedly of a *literary frame* of mind. While we are proud to be able to announce this, yet as the Literary Society has need of this frame, for its notices, we would suggest that the Committee return the property now that their reputation is established.

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"Much may be said on both sides," so he spake. Around the room there ran, nay rather staggered, a sigh, so shriveled, lean and broken that it scarcely stirred the dust upon our book rests. A common fear had seized us, we looked upon our note-books, already full to bursting, and asked ourselves: "Ah! what will be the end?"

"Would that a man might know the end of this day's business, ere it come." It is what each is wishing, as the April clouds bear down on us. Some are already rising with the lark, and others are sitting up until the lark rises. The session has done its work.

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Destitute alike of flesh and money (woe unto the tax gatherers), we await the end.

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It may be a satisfaction to some to find that they can at last see through us, but to us these ravages of time are painful to behold. Who would dare say at this moment that we study to acquire knowledge, not simply to pass exams? Dark would be the fate of such a mortal, were he within our reach.

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We are glad to see "William" kept Ash Wednesday as he should. The crunch of the cinders under foot is pleasant to our ears.

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Experience has taught us that examination papers are made up of "questions not likely to be asked."

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It is reported that one of the Seniors objected strongly at the studio to the use of the head-rest. He thought it indicated that the photographer was going at him "hammer and tongs."

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At the last meeting of the Faculty a motion was passed, to the effect that the report of the Finance Committee "be laid upon the table."

The Committee has tried to explain that no such liberty could be taken with the report, since it has been mislaid at present. We understand though, that just as soon as it can be found, the wish of the meeting shall be carried out.

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It remained for one of the 1st Year men to discover that the phrase "a bite and sup" was of University origin, and really equivalent to a bit of a "sup."

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#### MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

One very important piece of evidence of the great advances in civilization and common sense, for which this present century is justly renowned, was duly illustrated in one of the late meetings of the M. G. H.



officials. Until this meeting the selection of Resident House Surgeons for each year was manipulated by the Governors of the Institution. These individuals not being medical men were just about as likely to select the best men for the offices, as it is that Cook could go to England and select a worthy Principal for McGill University. However, the problem has been solved at last by Dr. Shepherd, who carried through a motion to the effect that the selection of the Resident Surgeons be left to the discretion of the Medical Board. No doubt, they will get the best men.

The Final men have at last arrived at the culminating point of their whole student career, and although for years prospecting for this notable occasion with hearts full of pleasant expectancy, occasionally, now, in the heat of action, you will observe a few crest-fallen individuals. And why this doleful change? Only because they have heard the report that the authorities have ordered but fifty Parchments, while there are sixty-eight candidates.

Last week at the closing of our hospital clinics each professor made his farewell speech. And as each one wished us unlimited success in the coming struggle, he smiled a weird, ghostly smile which seemed to say: "Believe not my words, for when my chance comes I'll crush the hopes out of you." Of course to the students who thus translated the smile, pleasant anticipations began to radiate before their field of vision, while demons mocked them.

On Tuesday, February 26th, the annual elections of THE FORTNIGHTLY officials from Medicine resulted in the choice of W. Mowatt, B.A. '96, Faculty Editor, and W. Proderick, '97, Business Manager. Two better men for these offices could not be found in any college, and we have every reason to expect that next year's issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY will be far ahead of any previous attempts.

W. Mowatt, B.A., the new Editor, has already distinguished himself in the literary world by carrying off first prize for story writing competed for by the students of the University, and donated by the FORTNIGHTLY in 1893; while W. Proderick has shown deep interest in the success of the FORTNIGHTLY by his numerous contributions as class reporter for this term.

One bright youth in the 2nd Year, and a candidate for honours in the approaching examination, distinguished himself at one of his grinds the other day.

When asked: "What are the names of the bones of the skull?" he solemnly replied that "he had them all in his head, but couldn't get at them at present." We presume that on the day of examination, his cranium will be so expanded with anatomical impressions that these bones can be easily got at and labeled.

The 15th of March is drawing near, and woe betide the Freshman whose card does not bear the necessary number of "grinds" to enable him to present it with proud and swelling heart to the Professor of Anatomy.

Botany in the balmy springtime, boys! Polish up your stenography and engage a typewriter at once.

The gentlemen of Medicine '98 will hear, with great pleasure, the news of the appointment of one of our fellow-students to the onerous post of Alley and yard inspector to the city. Needless to say he is indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, being found at his post as early as 4 a.m.

A subscription ought to be taken up to furnish the 1st Year Class Reporter with pen, ink and paper. As his obituary has not been seen in any of the papers, it is concluded that he is "still" alive but "stiller" than usual, as he has only been heard from twice.

### "THE JANITOR OF JANITORS"

Owing to the proximity of examinations, the events in college circles are sparse. Bnt, to materialize, we think that a short sketch of the life of the "Only Cook" might be interesting, not only to his *juvenile acquaintances*, but also to readers in far distant lands, who have, in their time, been the charges of this celebrated personage. James Cook once janitor of McGill Medical College, but now superannuated, and acting only in the capacity of manager of the internal material workings of the same College, commenced his career when but a mere boy. From that event he has gradually evolved into manhood, and has ever since maintained that same dignity. Of his earlier connections we know but little, for in his zeal towards the College and students he has no heart to say of himself, but only to do for his beloved charges. Consequently we will at once introduce him as janitor of McGill Medical College. When or how he attained that position but few living know. However, in this position we found him, and, according to all monumental and traditional author-



ities, he has held this same office for years, waning with the adversities and radiating brilliantly with the success of this same College.

He numbers the youths who have satisfactorily passed his drillings by thousands, and for these he has a special regard. Like a loving foster-father he would be only too glad to meet them once more, to give them the hand of good fellowship and the advice that always accompanied it.

Always willing and ready to assist the student in his various troubles, the youth would be black-hearted indeed, who could possibly find fault. And those who have been here before, and those who go out this year, must of necessity feel handicapped in commencing life without Cook's personal surveillance.

Ever attentive to his duties, success has naturally shed her gentle glamour on the labours of our worthy friend. Hence to-day we see the star of the student and the prop and stay of the Faculty, instead of hobbling around as of old, the smiling controller of two active youths, who wait upon his every beck and nod, while he himself enjoys his well deserved reward.

And now "from morn to dewy eve" he lounges in a comfortable little office, all his own, situated near the main entrance, whence he ministers to the wants of all, and greets the visitor at the door.

Verily, verily, we say to the student, take example from this man of men, and rise to superiority. Even yet his star lingers in the mid-heavens, and who knows but that, under the present circumstances, when the University is looking around for a Principal, some one of the powers that be might *suspect* Cook, and assist him to the polar globule of fame.

### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

M-k-bb-n wishes the 3rd Year men to bear in mind that he is not a *freshman*.

Wonders will never cease. B. failed to respond when asked to translate.

The representatives for Science on the FORTNIGHTLY boards for next session are:

Wm. MacDougall, '96, Editorial Board.  
J. W. Bell, '97, Business Board.

A chemical definition of leather,—  
(Oxh) ide of beef.

### SONG OF VICTORY.

Tune of Litoria, etc.

When ninet-seven hockey plays  
Sweedle-we-dum-bum.  
The righteous look on in amaze,  
Sweedle-we-dum-bum.  
They played rings round the first year men—  
Sweedle-ee-we tu hi ra sa—  
And when they'd done, they did it again,  
Sweedle-ee-wee-dum-bum.

Cho.—Litoria, etc.

2

The freshies challenged us to play,  
Sweedle, etc.,  
Try something else another day,  
Sweedle, etc.  
For when from them we knocked the stars—  
Sweedle . . . hi ra sa.  
They went home mad in the trolley cars—  
Sweedle, etc.

Cho.—Litoria, etc.

3.

Shot after shot we rained on goals,  
Sweedle, etc.  
Sometimes the puck went through the poles  
Sweedle, etc.  
In goals they had young Billy L-cr-x,  
Sweedle . . . hi ra sa.  
Who worked his stick as fast as his jaw,  
Sweedle, etc.

Cho.—Litoria, etc.

4.

As long ago Horatius brave—  
Sweedle, etc.  
Kept well the bridge the town to save,  
Sweedle, etc.  
So our goal keeper brave P-k-rd,  
Sweedle ee-we tu hi ra sa.  
Stopped all the shots when not too hard,  
Sweedle, etc.

Cho.—Litoria, etc.

Z. I. PALA.

### ATHLETICS.

#### HOCKEY.

On Saturday, Feb. 23rd, the Science Freshmen defeated the Arts Freshmen by a score of 2 goals to 0.

It is also worthy of note that the Freshmen defeated the 2nd Year by a score of 4 to 1.

M-ch-l seems very proud of his medal. Perhaps it was 3rd prize in the Donoghue-Johnson race.

The 1st teams of 2nd and 1st Year Science played a match game of hockey on Feby. 18th, resulting in a victory for 2nd Year.



Davidson and Drinkwater did good work for the winners, as did Butler, Lacroix and McLea for the Freshmen. The score was 6 to 5.

The 2nd teams of these years played, in which game the 1st Year men were easily victorious; score 4 to 1.

The 4th Year defeated the 3rd by a score 4 to 2, chiefly owing to the excellent work of W. Currie.

## SOCIETIES.

### MCGILL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last meeting of the Society for this session was held Friday night, March 1st. President Hanson in the chair. Instead of the usual programme, the Society was treated to a lecture by Prof. C. W. Colby, B.A., Ph.D., on "Aims and Methods of Academic Life." A bad night, and the nearness of the exams. seemed to have prevented many of the members from being present, but those few who did go got more good from the lecture than twenty hours of cramming could have given them.

The lecturer began his remarks with a few words about the progress of McGill during his absence. He remarked with pleasure the creation of the Classical Club, of the Glee and Banjo Club, and the Girls' Club organized by the Women Graduates. He also noticed with joy the institution of a Theatre Night, the progress made in Athletics, and the magnificent gift of the Library. What we wanted now was a University Dining-hall, and this we must work for ourselves.

Before entering upon his main subject, Dr. Colby touched on the Literary Society. This Society ought to be a powerful factor in university culture. He reminded us that Canning, Gladstone and Asquith were all in their youth University debaters.

The Lecture Proper.—Dr. Colby gave a text which he said might be carried away if nothing else was. It was an extract from a sermon preached before the undergraduates of Oxford by Mark Pattison:—

"Among all our many differences, there is probably no one point upon which we are all so unanimous as that the end and aim of our academic efforts is the cultivation of the intellect and character, and not the communication of useful knowledge."

By useful knowledge we are to understand practical knowledge. We are in danger of forgetting our real aims in college life among the multitudinous details of work which surround us. The Philistine fears that he shall learn too much, and so restricts

himself to practical knowledge. *Qui bono*—what's the use of it all—this is his cry. It won't help me in the race for money. This cry is sordid and selfish—a man should not be afraid of learning too much.

The lecturer then dwelt on the two great evils of university or academic life—medal-hunting and indifference or listlessness.

Medal-hunting is a bane to true cultivation. Personally the lecturer wished every medal in McGill at the bottom of the sea. It may be noted in passing that the lecturer in his college days obtained several of these trifles which he now condemns to the deep. Learning should be sought on account of the good it brings. Virtue is its own reward.

The second great evil is listlessness or indifference. This is not the ruling spirit of McGill, for, according to the lecturer, McGill students work harder than the students of any University with which he had been acquainted.

After thus showing what we are to avoid, Dr. Colby told us what we are to aim for as aids in the cultivation of our intellects.

We are to cultivate our intellects by observation by reflection, and by seeing things in their general relations. It is possible for a man to go through college, to pass all his examinations, and yet not to make one original observation. This is wrong.

Our faculty of observation is to be cultivated. Observation strengthens the memory, and he who observes closely is apt to remember well. Our observations must not be thrown haphazard into our brains; they must be arranged and classified.

Reflection is a necessary factor in the cultivation of the intellect. Memorizing things in a slavish manner hurts the higher faculties of the understanding. It is to be regretted that the heaping up of routine work in McGill makes time for reflection almost impossible. Good conversation is one of the greatest educational and cultivating forces in the world, greater even than reading.

To be an all-round man, the student must see things in their general relations. He must not fall into the idea that the subject or subjects that he is studying are the only ones requisite for him to learn. A man may have a hobby horse, but he must understand that it is a poor gee-gee compared to Pegasus. We must not be provincial, we must be urbane. A student must study with all his intellectual windows open, and must not be afraid of draughts. If a man works in a cellar he soon loses his intellectual chlorophil.

The cultivation of character is brought out most powerfully by a university, by the use of indirect methods. A university by filling the minds of her students with what is lofty and true creates a distaste in them for what is low and false. The imagination



should also be trained, as it is in this direction that our modern civilization is weak.

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sense of humiliation and a morbid anticipation of mockery. The application of treacle to the boots, although commonly recommended, may rightly be condemned as too drastic a remedy. The use of boots reaching to the knee, to be removed only at night, will afford immediate relief. In connection with *Contractio* is often found,

*Odditas Soccorum*, or oddness of the socks, a thing in itself trifling, but of an alarming nature if met in combination with *Contractio Pantalunæ*. Cases are found where the patient, possibly on the public platform or at a social gathering, is seized with a consciousness of the malady so suddenly as to render medical assistance futile.

#### SURGICAL CASES.

It is impossible to mention more than a few of the most typical cases of diseases of this sort.

1. *Explosio*, or Loss of Buttons, is the commonest malady demanding surgical treatment. It consists of a succession of minor fractures, possibly internal, which at first excite no alarm. A vague sense of uneasiness is presently felt, which often leads the patient to seek relief in the string habit—a habit which, if unduly indulged, may assume the proportions of a ruling passion. The use of sealing-wax, while admirable as a temporary remedy for *Explosio* should never be allowed to gain a permanent hold upon the system. There is no doubt that a persistent indulgence in the string habit, or the constant use of sealing-wax, will result in

2. *Fractura Suspendorum*, or Snapping of the Braces, which amounts to a general collapse of the system. The patient is usually seized with a severe attack of *explosio*, followed by a sudden sinking feeling and sense of loss. A sound constitution may rally from the shock, but a system undermined by the string habit invariably succumbs.

In conclusion, the author makes a plea for scientific treatment. Quacks and self-treatment are to be avoided. At the first symptoms of disease the patient should not hesitate to place himself in the hands of a professional tailor.

#### COLLEGE ITEMS.

A "Whisker Club," consisting of twenty Seniors in the Law School, has been organized at the University of Michigan.

#### THE LAWYER.

In college days he used to lie  
On shady banks of brooks,  
Which bubbled soft accompaniments  
To which he read in books.  
Now he has laid his studies by  
To seek the legal dime,  
And, quite forgetting other days,  
He lies most all the time.

—Detroit Free Press.

At Princeton the interest in chess is so great that the expenses of the team at the recent tournament in New York were paid by a canvass of the college.

#### GEOLOGICAL.

A stratum of solid, slippery ice,  
A stratum of slush, soft and nice ;  
A stratum of water over that,  
A stratum of man in new silk hat ;  
Above, the startled air is blue,  
With oath on oath a stratum or two.

—The Unit.

We hear a great deal of scientific lectures now-a-days. This is the sort of thing we may expect to hear when young ladies return from a pleasant lecture, with dissolving views on prehistoric men and the glacial epoch :

The views, too, weren't they lovely?  
Especially Mount Blanc and the Alps ;  
Though the last ones were perfectly frightful—  
Those men with the clubs and scalps—  
Well, maybe they didn't have scalps—  
They frightened me all the same ;  
And that animal—wasn't he horrid ?  
The—what-did-he-say-was-his name ?

## Academy of Music

HENRY THOMAS,

Lessee and Manager.

Week commencing March 4th.

## French Opera Co.

Friday Night, Saturday Matinee  
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## "LE PETIT DUC"

Next Attraction !

Beginning Monday, March 11

## "Daughters of Eve."

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